

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. XVII.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Waltham Watches!



We are agents for the
sale of WALTHAM Watches.

For Sale by

F. W. CARLYON.

Successor to Reid & Sylvester.

OLYMPIC Restaurant and Bakery.

THE
Olympic Restaurant and
Dairy Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.
Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry
Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about

March 20th, 1903

For

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan

And way ports, West Coast of Prince
of Wales Island,

Olympic Mining Co.

C. A. RENOUF.
Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

Tools: Gr niteware,
Tinware, Galvanized
ware,

Casement Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

I have just received my first Shipment of

Spring and Summer Dry Goods.

It includes splendid values in

Ladies, Gents and Children's Underwear.

Newest Patterns in LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SILK ORGANDIES, Silk Novelty
Waist Patterns, Waists, Skirts, Fancy Dotted Swiss, Linens, Etc., Etc.

New Goods by Every Boat,

PROSPECTING,
Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty.

THE CITY STORE,

DONALD SINCLAIR Prop.

To Be Brief!

We will state that for the Next Ten Days we will make a

DEEP CUT ON ALL

Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies' & Gents
FURNISHING.

HAVE YOU A BOY?

Starting tomorrow morning 36 Pairs Boys Knee Pants 50c. pr Pair
we will place on our Counter all sizes, at

ST. MICHAEL TRADING CO.

The OLD RELIABLE.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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—Subscription Rates.—
One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

Advertising Rates.
Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
Locals, per Line.....10

GEORGE CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.
Wrangell, Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Will practice in all courts. All business
promptly attended to.

New York Kitchen.
K. NAKANO, Prop'r.
Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.
and
The Best Meal Served for 35c.

Best Bread and Pastry
Always on Hand.
DROP IN.
Eastern Oysters, 50 Cents.

Dissolution of Partnership
NOTICE is hereby given that the
partnership heretofore existing be-
tween Drs. K. A. Kyvig and L. S. Schreuder,
doing business at the Sticksen Phar-
macy, will dissolve Feb. 1st, 1903, by
mutual consent, Dr. L. S. Schreuder re-
tiring and Dr. K. A. Kyvig continuing
the business, who will collect all out-
standing accounts and assume all li-
abilities contracted by the above-named
firm.
Dr. L. S. SCHREUDER.
Date Jan. 28, 1903.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,

Sails on or about

March 15, 1903,

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight,
for

Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,
Shakan, Klawack,
Howkan, Copper Mt.,
Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply
to R. B. YOUNG.

GO TO
J. G. Grant,
WRANGELL,
For all of the

Latest Papers

and

Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits

AND

Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR

COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.

Steamers a Specialty.

J. W. RABER,

Practical Barber.

Wrangell, Alaska.

The Smoothest Shave
And Nearest Haircut

You are Invited to Call and see me
Next door to Wrangell Drug Store.

Memorial Addresses.

The SENTINEL has been request-
ed to publish a synopsis of the ad-
dresses at the Thos. A. Willson
memorial services, March 1st, and
complies with the request:

REV. H. P. CORSER.

Captain Willson was a man of
no public interest. He had no
notoriety. All worthy and practical
objects found a friend in him, I
would first speak of Mr. Willson as
a citizen. His voice was ever on
the side of uprightness. Against
all forms of corruption he stood
like a wall of adamant.

He was public spirited. Educa-
tion had in him a firm friend.
Though a very busy man, he al-
ways had time for our schools.

He was an intense patriot. Be-
longed to many orders, but that of
the Grand Army of the Republic
he valued the highest. He was
anxious to see all of our National
holidays properly observed.

He was with all a Christian. He
was in the true sense of the word
a citizen of the kingdom of heaven.

A. V. R. SNYDER.

Friends:—"Let us weep with
those who weep; let us mourn with
those who mourn." Tears are
manly and womanly in times of
great calamities such as has over-
taken this community in the death
of our lamented friend, Capt. Thos.
A. Willson, whose body we have
this day consigned to the tomb.

I am here as one of two repre-
sentatives from the Wrangell Cham-
ber of Commerce to add a word to
the memory of he who has been a
chief corner stone upon which this
town and community have been
built. But what can I say? To
eulogize him before this people who
have known him so long and favor-
ably, would be but empty vapors.

You knew him for his large heart-
edness; you knew him for his char-
itable deeds and kindly acts; you
knew him for his honesty and in-
tegrity and for the good he has
done. This is sufficient and speaks
louder than the words of any man.

In the Chamber of Commerce
rooms I knew him best; and it was
here where the true character of
the man was most effectively bro't
to the front. Always gentlemanly,
courteous and affable, it was a
pleasure to work with him. Firm
in his convictions, he always cham-
pioned whatever he considered

right, and maintained that course,
always, even though he stood alone.
He was a careful guardian and
"watch-dog" of the treasury and
was always opposed to anything
that appeared like a useless ex-
penditure of the people's money. But
his chair will be vacant both from
the Board of Directors and the gen-
eral councils, and he will be sadly
missed from our deliberations.

It is frequently remarked that a
man's faults are buried with him
and that only his virtues are ex-
tended. In the case of Thos. A.
Willson there were but few visible
faults to bury. True, he had his
eccentricities; but show me a man
who has not these and I will show
you a man without ambition and
one who will be but little good for
himself or the world in which he
lives. But enough.

My friends:—To sum up the off-
taking of Capt. Willson, the calam-
ity may be summed up in these
few words: "A GOOD MAN IS GONE
and we mourn his loss!" Let us
seek to emulate his many virtues.

HON. W. G. THOMAS.

My friends:—I was one of two
selected by our Chamber of Com-
merce to say something on this
memorial occasion. I can add but
little to what has already been said
regarding Captain Willson as a
man and the loss Wrangell has
sustained by his death. I will
speak practically, for it is because
he was a practical business man
that a large part of southeastern
Alaska, especially, shares in the
loss. Promoters such as he are few
in Alaska, those whose operations
in business takes money into so
many small homes that buys the
food and other necessities for wo-
men and little children. He was
public spirited, ever ready to fur-
ther anything that promised pub-
lic good, whether it was for church
or hospital, schools or sidewalks.

All know he was patriotic. He
was a soldier in the army of the
Union, and we who knew him felt
that he could not have done other-
wise than go when his country had
need of him. Before the reign of
civil law in Alaska, he was in the
customs service at Sitka and Ju-
neau, there were some troublous
times at these parts in those days,
and I have heard that his coolness
and bravery could be relied upon
to assist in restoring order.

I first knew him personally in
1884. He came to Wrangell as
deputy collector of customs. Since

then he has been a part of Wran-
gell life. He was moral, temper-
ate, charitable. So we knew him—
a Grand Army man, an official, in
business, socially and as a friend.

F. H. GRAY.

Comrades of the dead and friends
—In the silent cities of the dead
are erected monuments to com-
memorate deeds of those who sleep
beneath them. More enduring and
grand than marble or granite are
the monuments built by the life-
work of those who have passed
away. Captain Willson built here
a monument by starting an indus-
try that was the means of distrib-
uting thousands of dollars among
his fellow men. Through the war
of the rebellion he fought bravely,
thus inscribing his name on the
glorious monuments of freedom, of
Union and of truth. During the
rebellion one of our armies which
had been defeated, left its camp in
the darkness of night. One regi-
ment was left to keep the camp
fires burning so as to deceive the
enemy, while the army crossed the
river. Comrades, the majority of
the great army of the 60ties has
crossed the silent river of Death
and have answered to the roll-call
of the army immortal. You are
keeping the camp-fires burning on
this side. One by one you are cross-
ing, and soon all will be over. Yet
loving hands will strew flowers on
your graves. Millions yet unborn
will tell their children of your
deeds of valor. They will honor
you, and the flag and country for
which you fought.

Judge Sutton, of Shakan, came
over on the Prospector last Thurs-
day with a gleam of sunshine on
his face and \$10 in his pocket, the
result of a little friendly wager the
evening before. The Judge backed
J. S. Johnson and Chas. Demmert,
two natives, against Ted Carlson
and Martin Amerson, whites, who
were championed by Mr. Sorenson
in a rowing match. The course
over which they rowed was about
four miles and natives distanced
their white competitors. Hence
the Judge, who is usually feeling
good, felt better.

The schooner J. Teckler, of Bal-
lard, Wash., Aug. Erickson, mas-
ter, came in here Saturday from the
fishing grounds of Frederick Sound
on the way below. Like others he
has met with poor luck the past
season.

Special Meeting.

There was a large attendance at
a special meeting of the Chamber
of Commerce Wednesday evening
of last week, to consider several
propositions.

The people of Shakan want their
mail service increased, giving them
a weekly service in the summer
and a bi-weekly service the re-
mainder of the year, and to this
end sent petitions over and asked
the co-operation of the Wrangell
Chamber. On this question a com-
mittee consisting of Geo. H. Barnes,
L. M. Churchill and H. D. Camp-
bell were appointed.

A righteous "kick" was register-
ed because of the Dolphin's failure
to bring the mail on her last trip,
and the committee was instructed
to inform the postal department of
the case.

The question of the naming a
delegate to congress by a commis-
sion, was then taken up. Judge
A. K. Delaney, of Juneau, was
present and upon invitation ad-
dressed the meeting in a ringing
20-minute speech, saying in sub-
stance that Alaska had always had
indignities heaped upon it ever
since its purchase from Russia by
Secretary Seward, and that no re-
lief is to be looked for until the
people are given some say as to
their government; that with all
the flattery and bluster that has
been made for Alaska by the ses-
sion of congress just closed, one
poor little insignificant bill appro-
priating about \$15,000 for some
purpose at Juneau, had passed.
Judge Delaney then took up the
question of territorial government.

He favored organizing that portion
of Alaska extending from Dixon's
Entrance on the south to Yakutat
or Mt. St. Elias on the west into a
territory; had studied as to the
best method of reaching the desired
end and had concluded that the
best mode of procedure is to form
a territorial league with a general
head at some point; then let each
town or community form its local
organization, to act in conjunction
with the general league. When
these leagues are fully organized
then let a territorial convention be
called, and base the representation
in that territorial convention upon
the membership of the local organ-
izations. This was the most feasi-
ble way, in his opinion, to get at
the matter of territorial organiza-
tion. At the conclusion of Judge

Delaney's remarks, a vote of thanks
was tendered him for his very able
and instructive address. Remarks
were also made by Judge Thomas,
George Clark, Col. Crittenden and
others, all favoring the method out-
lined by Mr. Delaney, and a rising
vote on the proposition showed that
all present favored it.

The meeting then adjourned.
One by one the treasure hunters
who left us last fall are returning.
The first to reach here headed for
the Upper Stikkeen is W. P. Ball,
who has been spending the winter
at the old home at Winona, Minn.
He says they have had a very mild
winter in that section. Mr. Ball
will go up the river with a train
that is expected down in a few days
with J. F. Callbreath.

The Prospector, Capt. Cyrus Orr,
came over last Thursday, bringing
J. L. Hill, who was on his way to
Ketchikan to serve as a juror at
the district court. His wife accom-
panied him. Mrs. Dackins and
her daughter Bessie came over
from Shakan but returned on the
boat the next morning.

Last week aside from its regular
issue a large number of extra SEN-
TINELS were printed; and these
were all cleaned out in quick or-
der and the demand was not near
satisfied. It is gratifying to the
publisher to know that his efforts
are appreciated.

Mr. J. Cool brought his wife and
baby over from Hattie Camp, last
week, comfortably located them
in a house near this office, and re-
turned to work.

A band of wild geese passed over
town going west, last Thursday.
The chances are they had mighty
cold feet the next morning.

Supt. P. D. Range was a passen-
ger for the mines on the Seattle.
The family of Mr. Steele accompan-
ied him.

Fresh cod fish and herring are
just as fine eating as one finds. Mr.
A. Engstrom has our thanks for a
good supply of both.

Deputy collector of customs C. E.
Bronson is keeping books tempo-
rarily at the mill.

Mrs. Snyder has been quite ill
during the week, but is convalesc-
ing.

J. F. Collins has our thanks for
a copy of the Sulzer territorial bill.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

Some women suggest halos and some aloe.

The borrower of trouble pays a heavy interest on it.

A woman who has false teeth likes to pretend that she has the toothache occasionally.

It is a great advantage to Kaiser Wilhelm that he can read Rudyard Kipling's poems in the original.

There are few stuttering women, which shows that the trouble is not caused by over-anxiety to talk.

A mule imagines he has a musical voice—and a good many people seem to be built on the same mistaken plan.

From Mr. Kipling's latest poem it appears that South America is the wrong place to take up the white man's burden.

When some men give a dollar to charity they manage to get two dollars' worth of satisfaction from the contemplation of their generosity.

A New York boy found a gold brick in Wall street the other day. Let us hope, however, that this will not result in a general hunt for Wall street gold bricks.

When a man makes a very long prayer in church, somehow his hearers get the impression that when he scolds in the privacy of his family he keeps a long time at it.

Marconi says we are to have wireless telephones. Now let somebody hurry and fix up a telephone instrument that will not be too big to carry around in the pocket.

A Chicago preacher declares that a girl who has reached the age of 25 without having learned to bake pies and make shirt waists is not a true woman. We concede the pies, but why shirt waists?

The Illinois State Journal notes the interesting discovery that an Egyptian mummy 2,000 years old died of appendicitis. This disease, which spares neither youth nor extreme age, must have found that mummy, however, a pretty tough customer.

Mr. Eckels thinks we could get along with fewer laws seeking to regulate business. He has probably been delving into history, and has made the discovery that there was considerable business done before we got our wonderful modern lawmaking machines to work.

When some very influential men recently tried to persuade Secretary Shaw to take a certain action, he replied: "Gentlemen, I expect to get into more or less hot water while I am in this office; but you must excuse me from stepping into a bucket from which I can see the steam rising."

It is well that the scolding judge is rapidly falling into disrepute. While it is true that lawyers should be gentlemen, judges are also under some obligations of this character. Intelligent co-operation between the lawyer and the judge will not only do away with all friction of a personal nature, but will also expedite the business of the court.

Things seem to be changed if a young man can get an army commission more promptly by enlisting and working up from the ranks than by going through West Point. If the son of an army officer who has resigned from West Point to enlist in his father's troop makes it work successfully it may make army service more popular, and, in addition, give a pointer to the navy.

One of the English workmen who recently investigated industrial conditions here says that putting shoes on the children of American workers is better than building libraries. But he forgets that shoes wear out; they cannot be used as a monument to perpetuate the glory of philanthropic deeds. Who ever heard of a man winning honor and fame through keeping poor children from freezing?

Daily newspapers with "all the news of the world" are now promised on board the big Atlantic liners. Wireless telegraphy, of course, will supply the daily dispatches, so that the scheme appears perfectly feasible. Whether the enterprise will be popular may be a question, for there are people who like to escape the newspaper and the telegraph during the ocean voyage for the sake of repose. The wretched man with the brain fog will now be harder pushed than ever. The only place absolutely secure will be overboard.

Immigration is now increasing at a very rapid rate owing to the efforts of the agents of steamship companies in Europe, who tell the immigrants that the new immigration law is to be passed and that this is their last chance to come to America. There is, in consequence, an oncoming "wave of illiterate, criminal, insane, pauperized, weak-minded and diseased humanity." Everybody welcomes the brave, self-reliant foreigner who has the energy, the "initiative," to strike out for fortune in a strange and distant land,

but the "assisted" immigration urged hitherto by the steamship companies for the sake of profit and the debased and diseased beings which the European countries wish to get rid of are a real menace to the nation.

Philadelphia is still a bit shocked because George Dickinson was a burglar. A burglar isn't a novelty. But this man burgled only at night. By day he was a respected business man, a person of affairs. You would as soon suspect the family doctor of arson as this quiet, clean-looking man of being a burglar. And yet, when the great part of the world was sleeping, Dickinson, coarsely dressed, cap pulled over his eyes, armed to the teeth, was out housebreaking, a thug from choice. When a man starts out on a Jekyll-Hyde career he is headed for the penitentiary. He may be smart and keen as a fox, but the chances are against him. It is a bad gamble. There is more money in being honest than could be gained in a thousand burglaries. When a man starts on such a career he generally neglects to figure that he has the world against him. Once upon a time Kansas City had a "respected citizen" who was a train robber. He was so smart that he laughed at the law. When he robbed a train he fixed up his alibi first. When there was talk about him, his friends said he was persecuted. One night a horse stumbled and a rider was hurled to the pavement unconscious. Bystanders picked him up and took stock of him. He had a revolver, a sawed-off shotgun, a mask and a lantern. The Jekyll-Hyde business of "Jack" Kennedy ended there; and this respected citizen is in the penitentiary, serving a twelve-year sentence. Frank Brown made it work for awhile. He is an outcast to-day. Schreiber, the New Jersey bank clerk, made a success of the double life for a time. Alvord, the bank teller, who stole \$700,000, did it, and the list is miles long. But the logical sequel is the penitentiary, and the man who fails to consider that in his calculations is a good deal of a fool.

Heretofore, when Englishmen have undertaken to explain why we Americans compete against them in the markets of the world, they have attributed our success to the skill of our workmen and the superiority of our machine tools. In a recent interview Sir Charles Beresford has indulged in a different explanation, he attributing our success to our business methods. He said: "America excels in administration. We do not know how to administer here. Our workmen are as good as theirs, but our administrations are feeble. Our companies want lords and commoners as directors, who know nothing about business. Yours demand straight business men, who not only know, but put their money into the concerns of which they are directors. You put your brightest men into business. We put them into politics, the navy and the army. That has got to be changed, not for the sake of money it makes for the individual, but for the general good of the country. When I return I hope to have a lot more information in my pocket which will further these ends in Parliament and elsewhere."

What Lord Beresford says about lack of administration in England may be so, but what he says about English workmen being as skillful as American workmen cannot be so, else there would not be a delegation of fifty or more at present in this country, to learn how American workmen handle machine tools so well and productively. But this is not to the point. What Lord Beresford says about American business administration is true. The head of every successful American enterprise knows the business which he directs, and, knowing it, is prepared to meet the demands of the market, whether he sells his goods at home or in the most distant country. His assistants are trained in the business, too, the most of them having been taken from the ranks of labor and elevated to positions of greater responsibility. If his sons or other relatives occupy responsible positions, they have had to earn them by an apprenticeship in the business. Under such administration the minutest details of business are constantly under the supervision of trained men, wherein American administration most excels. Lord Beresford should remember, too, that it makes a big difference whether business men feel that the world has got to buy what they have to sell, or they have to produce what the market demands. There's a difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

Caught in the Act.

A woman suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing the servant girl, and resolved to detect him in the act. On Saturday night she saw him pass quietly into the kitchen. The servant girl was out, and the kitchen was dark. The jealous wife took a few matches in her hand, and hastily placing a shawl over her head, as the girl often did, entered the back door, and immediately she was seized and kissed and embraced in an ardent manner. With heart almost bursting the wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to the faithless spouse, and, tearing herself away from his fond embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with—the gardener!

Not a Smooth Road.

Prudence—I should hate to go riding in Freddy Richly's auto—he's always running over someone.

Pronella—Yes, it must be terribly bumpy riding.—Smart Set.

Army of Basket-Makers.

Basket-making employs 500,000 persons in Germany, where the wages range from 18s. to £2 weekly for skilled workers.

OLD FAVORITES

Woodman, spare that tree.
Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish die,
But let the old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I am able to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

I want to be an angel,
I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear.
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
And, with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky!

Oh! there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

END OF BORNHOLM INDUSTRY.

Last of Famous Watchmaker's Makes Final Timepiece.

The clock and watch industry of Bornholm, once famous all over Europe for its excellence of workmanship and for over a century the mainstay of the island's village population, has died out. Herr H. P. Dam, the last of the old Bornholmian masters, who elevated their trade to the dignity of a fine art, as did Benvenuto Cellini of old, and whose nimble hands made watches and clocks for princes of the blood, has just completed his last work—a watch for the American merchant in Copenhagen, Victor Holmes.

This watch, entirely hand made, shows both seconds and minutes. It cost is 300 kroner (about \$50), and it is said to be in every way a fine specimen of the best work of the old masters. Now, however, the art is dead. Modern machinery and the cheapening process which to-day enables any one to possess a timepiece, have forced the hand-made watches to the wall and their expert makers have turned to their old vocation of fishing.

Probably few readers have heard of Bornholm before. It is a small island far out in the Baltic sea, with a superficial area of 220 square miles and a population estimated to be close to 40,000. The island belongs to Denmark and fishing was for ages the chief vocation of the population.

But one dark night in the middle of the eighteenth century an English vessel went ashore and broke to pieces near the township of Ronne. There was nothing really unusual in that. Bornholm's coast is high and rocky and full of dangerous reefs and shoals and annually hundreds of ships had found a tragic ending there.

But this particular vessel happened to have on board a cargo of Geneva watches. (In those days Switzerland was the Mecca of the art of clock-making.) Some of these clocks and watches were rescued and greatly surprised the ignorant natives. Clocks were rarities in those days, and the good Bornholmians had probably never even heard of them before.

They therefore feared at first that the devil had something to do with this nefarious work and were for tearing the things to pieces. But the winter nights being long and dull on Bornholm, a more scientific investigation of the "infernal things" was begun, and soon the inquisitive minds were bent upon emulation rather than destruction.

And this was the beginning of the famous Bornholmian clock industry, says the New York Times. In a few years the ignorant fishermen became so expert in making clocks that the trade from Switzerland fell off perceptibly and soon the colony around Ronne was supplying the aristocracy of Scandinavia with timepieces of all sorts. Napoleon was presented with one by Bernadotte when that famous

Gascon led an army into Scandinavia and the kings of Denmark became patrons of the art, so that many of the first masters waxed both opulent and famous.

"LIKE 30 CENTS."

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's own sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that State that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your rolls.' They handed their wads over to him and he gave each of them a quarter and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients a messenger entered the court and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left without seeing his clients, and they wandered their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" said one.
"I feel like thirty cents," said the other, "and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it."

"And that's how that phrase was started in its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

BUCK AND DOGS FIGHT.

Pack and Quarry Dashed to Death and Swept Away.

"Bill" Neuman, a veteran hunter of Susquehanna, Pa., while out on the mountains near Shohola, had his attention attracted by a deep baying, and recognizing the sounds as coming from savage dogs, he ran rapidly to the top of a neighboring hill, which commanded an excellent view of distant falls and also of the surrounding country.

Bill had scarcely reached the top of the hill when he saw dashing along on a ridge a magnificent buck, chased by a dozen or more mountain dogs. The race had evidently been on for some time, for the buck appeared to be about exhausted and the dogs were not in the best condition.

On swept the pursued and the pursuers, every bound bringing the dogs nearer the haunches of the tired buck. Suddenly the buck changed his course and plunged down the side of the ridge, making straight for the falls.

Overhanging the edge of the stream and towering directly above the pool at the foot of the falls was a huge rock. To this rock the buck made his way and, planting himself within a few feet of the edge and with lowering antlers, awaited the attack.

He did not have to wait long. The dogs came with a rush and hurled themselves at their prey. First one and then another dog was caught in the buck's antlers and sent howling into the abyss below.

Just when the fight was hottest, according to a New York World special, the rock or ledge upon which the battle was being fought suddenly gave way with a crash and the combatants were dropped into the water and rocks at the foot of the falls and their bruised and bleeding bodies were swept on down the rapid stream.

Snuff-Taking.

In 1712 the London Spectator complained of snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women and equally disgusting whether practiced sedately or coquettishly. Some used the box only as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but the thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon and freely offered her best Brazilian to friends of either sex and asked the church warden to take a pinch as she dropped her money into the collecting plate. Thus for a time the snuffbox was as much a part of the "fine lady's" toilet as the fan itself.

More than once the snuffbox has played an important part in political life. After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff scented with violets—his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and significantly ask, "Do you like this perfume?"

Talleyrand always said that diplomats ought to take snuff, as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply and gave opportunities for covering any involuntary expression of emotion.

First Symptom.

Mr. Saphend (during the honeymoon)—When did my little duckie darling first discover that she loved me?

Bride (sweetly)—When I found myself getting mad every time anyone called you a fool.—Spare Moments.

EASY STREET.

Where, oh, where is Easy street?
Over there and way beyond,
Where content and pleasure meet
In an everlasting bond.

Way beyond, ah, me. And still
Way beyond, until it seems
So far distant that we will
Reach it only in our dreams.

Easy street—the place, my boy,
Where our cares and worries cease,
Where our hearts are full of joy,
And our lives are full of peace.

In our history complete,
Since old Father Time began,
Such a place as Easy street
Never was known to mortal man.

Life is full of ups and downs—
Wealth and poverty the same;
Calico and silken gowns
Differ only in the name.

Providence has made it so—
We must each a burden bear,
Pleasure, sorrow, joy and woe
Meet us here and everywhere.

At the close of life's brief day
When we rest our weary feet,
Somewhere, somewhere, then we may
We may find our Easy street.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

MAMMA, mamma, what do you think?" cried Lydia Stuart, as she rushed into the room where her mother sat, with flushed cheeks and a sheveled hair. "I have found two tickets for the ball to-morrow night—no name or anything on them by which I could trace the owner—and oh, mamma, I want to use them; I want to go!"

"But, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Stuart, as Lydia paused breathlessly, "how—"

"Why, you kept one or two of my evening gowns, you know, mother, and am sure the white one would do beautifully, and Tom is still quite presentable in his dress suit, even if it is too tight—and here are the tickets, so why not? The only thing is that I want you to go too, darling," with an emphatic kiss on her mother's cheek.

"I should not care in the least about it, dear, and am afraid you will be disappointed."

"Oh, I know I shall be in it, and not of it, but that does not matter. I shall enjoy just watching it all, and hearing the music. I may combine business with pleasure, too, mamma, by getting some new ideas for my sketches."

"We will see what your brother says, dear," Mrs. Stuart answered.

She would have been loath indeed to deprive this daughter of hers of any pleasure that might come in her way, for in the recesses that had fallen on the family since Mr. Stuart's death, his wife's greatest grief had been for Lydia. The disaster had come on the very eve of her coming out, and ever since they left their beautiful English home and came to this big, seething, lonely American city, Lydia had worked steadily at illustrating.

Now she was making a success at it, and there was also beginning to be quite a demand for her dainty water-color work.

When Tom came home Lydia immediately pounced upon him and related her wonderful news. He readily agreed to take her, but he warned her that they would not be likely to meet any of their few acquaintances, and that, therefore, she would have to be satisfied to dance with him or be simply a spectator at her first ball.

The next day they scanned the papers for some mention of the tickets, but none appeared, so they felt justified in using them.

That night Lydia was all excitement. The white gown had required very little attention, and as Mrs. Stuart put the finishing touches to her daughter's toilet she felt very pardonable motherly pride in her.

"How do you like me, Tom?" Lydia asked as she entered the little sitting-room.

Tom whistled. "By Jove!" he ejaculated as he gazed at the picture framed in the doorway. She laughed happily, taking innocent pleasure in his astonished admiration.

"I know you were good-looking, Lydia, but you're quite too stunning tonight; isn't she, mother?"

"She does look pretty, but we must not turn this bright little head with too much flattery. Remember it is only for one night," Mrs. Stuart answered, a little sadly.

Tom wished that his own head were a trifle staidier. It had been aching most fearfully all day, but he would not say a word to mar Lydia's pleasure or to cause his mother any anxiety.

He felt rewarded for the effort he had made when he saw how much Lydia enjoyed her novel experience, and in listening to her bright comments on the glittering panorama.

Tom feared that dancing might tax his powers of endurance too far, and was wondering what excuse to make to Lydia, when a hearty voice exclaimed: "Why, if it isn't Tom Stuart!" And a friend from their native land shook him vigorously by the hand.

Lydia was soon gliding round with this friend of her childhood. She naively explained to him how they happened to be at the ball, so he took great pains to introduce his friends, and after that she did not lack for partners.

Flushed and happy, she finally went to prepare for her home-going. When she emerged from the cloak room she expected to find Tom waiting for her, but he was nowhere to be seen, and

she stood rather nervously watching for him.

As she looked rather anxiously about for her brother, she happened to encounter the gaze of a man who stood near her. He was distinguished-looking, and Lydia had noticed him several times during the evening, secretly wishing that she might have met him.

As she looked up he seemed to realize that he had been staring at her, for he started a little and turned away.

Lydia did not know what to do. Where could Tom be? If only one of the men she had met would pass that way. Her trepidation increased. Nothing this, the man, who was still covertly watching her, approached.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" he asked courteously. "Perhaps I could find the person you were looking for?"

"It is my brother," Lydia half gasped, raising a pair of very frightened blue eyes. Meeting his kindly, encouraging look, she hurried on.

"I thought he would be here, and cannot understand what keeps him. Ah, there he is! Thank you so much," as Tom hurried to her, looking very white.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she questioned, anxiously, noting his pallor.

Hugh Thurston stepped aside, wishing devoutly that "Tom" had not appeared quite so soon. Of course, he was glad that the sister's anxiety was relieved, but he very much wanted to know who she was.

"Why, I had a sort of giddy faint spell, little girl," Tom explained hastily. "My head has bothered me all day. Awfully sorry—hope you have not been frightened."

"I was rather, but it's no matter; I am so sorry you are ill; why didn't you say so, and we could have gone home sooner? This gentleman"—nodding towards Thurston—"had just offered to go in search of you."

Tom turned to Thurston and thanked him briefly, explaining his own delay. Lydia bowed a slight acknowledgment as they passed, but something in his eyes as they met hers made her heart give a sudden bound and brought a deeper flush to her cheeks.

"Who on earth can she be?" Thurston wondered. Evidently they had not come in a carriage, for she wore a hat and a dark ulster hid her ball gown, and he knew from her accent that she was English.

Looking down, he saw a little gold pin lying in the corner where she had stood while waiting for her brother. Picking it up, he hurried downstairs and searched the corridor for him, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Thurston started to take the pin to the desk, but he changed his mind and tucked it away in his card case. Then he went back to the ballroom and tried to find out who she was. But no one seemed to recognize the description. In such a crowd, in fact, there were many who might have answered to it, so Thurston was forced to leave without obtaining any clue to her identity.

He marveled at the depth of the impression that this girl's face had made upon him. His wealth and good looks won him so much favor among women that he had come to regard them with great indifference.

He inserted an advertisement concerning the pin, but no answer ever came, and he strove to forget the owner, but many times the blue eyes seemed to look at him through the smoke rings, or come unbidden between him and a printed page.

The day after the ball, poor Tom was in a raging fever, and the weeks which followed were anxious ones indeed in the Stuarts' little home, for Tom had a bad case of typhoid.

Their small savings dwindled rapidly, and Lydia worked incessantly to renew resources. Mrs. Stuart became so worn by her vigil at the sick boy's side, that the doctor feared that she, too, would be attacked by the disease.

Lydia, worrying about her mother, grieving because she thought that she had aggravated Tom's illness by taking him to the ball, and working even harder than usual, had grown thin and pale, and there were heavy circles under the blue eyes.

One afternoon, as she was doggedly putting the finishing touches to some dinner cards that were to be called for that day, the bell rang.

"Come in," Lydia called softly, thinking it was the doctor. "Go right in, doctor," she added, without turning her head. She was not willing that he should see the traces of tears that would bring over occasionally and impede her progress.

"I beg pardon, but my sister sent me for the cards," said a voice that was certainly not the doctor's. She rose quickly.

"Oh, parson me," she exclaimed, then stopped short as she recognized her "ball man," as she had mentally termed him.

Hugh Thurston started eagerly forward.

"You!" he cried, with a glad ring in his voice. "You! I have so often tried to find you since the ball. But, child," taking her hand gently in his as he saw her pale cheeks and tired eyes, "what have they done to you?"

The cheeks became so crimson and the eyes so wide with astonishment that he came suddenly to himself and dropped her hands.

"Of course, you don't understand," he explained rather lamely. "You've probably never given me a thought." The blue eyes were suddenly veiled. "You didn't leave any slipper behind that I might know of, but—I found your pin after you had gone and I wanted to find the owner." He had pulled out his card case while he was speaking and now he handed the pin—a lover's knot with a diamond center—to her.

"But it is not mine," she said, looking up with a demure little smile.

"Isn't it?" he asked surprisedly. "It doesn't matter, though—somewhat irrelevantly—"for I've done better than find the 'owner'—I've found the princess," and as their eyes met the princess knew that the prince had come.—New York News.

COLLECTION OF BRAINS.

Groswome Exhibit in Possession of a Cornell University Professor.

The thought of willing his brain to science is groswome to the average man, nor is he particularly consoled with the information that his gray matter will be "most safely transmitted in a tin pail of saturated brine, the lid secured with surgeon's adhesive plaster." Yet the bequests of this important organ to Professor Burt G. Wilder's collection at Cornell University are not few.

"Thinks in jars" fill up a number of shelves in the McGraw Hall Museum at Cornell. They belonged in life to the criminal, the idiot, the drunkard, and other types. The brains of animals are kept near them for comparison. The brains that are bequeathed to the collection, however, are not on public view, but are kept for study in the private laboratory of the physiological department. "Of course," Dr. Wilder's announced view is, "the brains of eminent or remarkable persons are desirable. But at present it is even more important to determine the standard patterns of the fissures of average white Americans." Apropos of this, "Doc" Wilder wants more intelligent brains" was in substance the announcement some humorist put in one of the Cornell periodicals, "and law and agriculture students must not apply."

In the McGraw Museum are blank forms for the bequest of the brain. "I," they read, "recognizing the need of studying the brains of educated and orderly persons rather than those of the ignorant, criminal, and insane, in order to determine their weight, form and fissural pattern, the correlations with bodily and mental powers of various kinds and degrees, and the influences of sex, age and inheritance, hereby declare my wish that at my death my brain should be entrusted to the Cornell Brain Association (when that is organized), or (pending the organization) to the curator of the collection of human brains in the museum of Cornell University, for scientific uses, and for preservation, as a whole or in part, as may be thought best. If my near relatives, by blood or by marriage, object seriously to the fulfillment of this bequest, it shall be void; but I earnestly hope that they may interpose neither objection nor obstacle. I ask them to notify the proper person promptly of my death; if possible, even, of its near approach."

New York Tribune.

All They Could Afford.

As an illustration of the nature of Southern negroes, the Rev. D. J. Sanders, the negro president of Biddle University, of Charlotte, N. C., related the following incident to some members of the Presbyterian General Assembly at a recent meeting. The story is reported by the New York Times.

Negroes are great lovers of pomp and ceremony, of titles and decorations, and the members of a large but ignorant negro congregation in North Carolina conceived the notion that it would add very much to their influence as a church if their pastor could append the initials D. D. to his name.

One of the brethren learned that a certain institution in the North would confer such a degree for a price. He wrote, and got a letter from this institution, stating that \$50 would secure the desired honor.

Meantime the members of the congregation went to work to raise this \$50, but their utmost efforts failed to secure more than \$25.

The committeemen put their heads together, and it was finally decided to send the money, with this message, to the Northern Institution:

"Please send our pastor one 'D.' as we are not able to pay for the other at this time."

Not Good Enough.

An American actor tells a story of an adventure that enlivened a "barn-storming" tour in the West. In a little town where the company was to appear, the actor went to the theater for a band rehearsal, but instead of band he found only a solitary man with a cornet under his arm.

"What time is the band rehearsal?" asked the actor.

"Right now, sir," answered the cornet player.

"But where is the band?"

"I am here, sir; the rest are playing at a dance. You will have to get along with me."

"Ah," said the actor, sarcastically, "I suppose you are the best cornet player in the State."

"No, sir," said the musician, sadly, "not by a long way. If I were any good I'd be playing at the dance with the rest of them."

World's Gold Production.

The world's gold production for the calendar year 1901,

NOTHING SO GOOD FOR CHICKENS AS THE PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD

It makes Hens Lay and Keeps them Laying. It cures Roup, Cholera and All Diseases. It strengthens young chicks, and makes them grow. Price 25c and 50c.

My young chickens commenced laying after less than four days. I purchased a package of your PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD, which stopped them from dying and I have constantly kept it on hand ever since. I can recommend it to all poultry raisers. Write for a free trial package.

It is just what I need.

PORTLAND, SEED CO., Portland, Ore. Genl. Agents.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903.

On the 25th of February congressman Sulzer introduced a bill in the house of representatives, entitled "A Bill to create the Territory of Alaska and to provide for the government thereof." The bill provides that "All that part of the territory of the United States ceded to the United States by Russia by the treaty of March 30, 1867, and known as Alaska, is hereby created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Alaska; Provided, That nothing in this Act shall inhibit the government of the United States from dividing said territory or changing its boundaries, in such matter and at such times as congress shall deem convenient and proper." The people of Alaska certainly feel very kindly toward Mr. Sulzer for his interest manifested in their behalf in the introduction of this bill. But we of this section had much rather the "changing of boundaries" process be put in working order at the start than be compelled to prune down the first thing after organizing. Just drop us off at Yakutat bay (Mt. St. Elias, 140), please, Mr. Sulzer.

The SENTINEL would most respectfully inform the Ketchikan Journal that it is not opposed to anything which it deems will be best either for all southeastern Alaska or for the town of Wrangell. It does oppose the organization of ALL Alaska into a territory, and it would also oppose the incorporation of the town of Wrangell at the present time, although the boast that "we are incorporated" might sound well on the outside. As a matter of fact, some towns, altho' much smaller than others, can afford to incorporate, because their necessary running expenses are very small; but when you come down to a business proposition—as every thrifty town should do—and in striking a balance sheet find that your receipts would be \$1,000 and your necessary expenses \$2000 it is a very poor business proposition. Too many towns have found this out, too late, and you will please excuse us.

It is now about a year to the time that president making will be in full force. It is quite likely that Theodore Roosevelt will be renominated by the Republicans, if he makes no mistake between now and then, although Mark Hanna is by no means asleep and many admirers would like to see him in the chief executive's chair. As to who will be the democratic candidate is a mixed question. W. J. Bryan favors W. R. Hearst; but Bryan stock is likely to be at a low ebb by that time, and it would not be surprising at all if Grover Cleveland again became the standard bearer. Be that as it may, the man will not win in the next presidential contest. It will be the principles enunciated by the party that will count with the people. The money question has been effectually settled and will be virtually a dead issue. It is generally conceded by republicans as well as democrats that there must be a revision of the tariff. Many articles have been protected in their infancy that are now able to stand alone and from these the tariff must be removed; and it will be done. What? then, will be the lines on which the next campaign will be fought out? Two, and two only. These will be the labor question and the policy to be pursued in dealing with the new acquisitions to the United States. Of these the labor question will stand paramount. It is a very delicate question and one that is likely to be the making or unmaking of a president in the 1904 campaign. Looking at it from the present standpoint, the republicans have the best of it; but one word in their declaration of principles may turn the tide against them. It is a trifle early to forecast but this is the way a disfranchised Alaskan looks at it.

Talk for your home town all the time. That's the way to build it up.

IS NOT EXPECTED TO RAISE ORANGES.

In one of the hotels several days ago, a number of men were discussing the future of Alaska. Mineral, timber, fish—all were reviewed when the theme of farming came before them. "What could a man do on an Alaskan farm?" said one of them. They all gave it up. Now all of these men have had years of experience in Alaska but it has been restricted to within a quarter of a mile from the wharves of Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Douglas and Skagway. While at Skagway they had never learned that two market gardeners were supplying the city with vegetables of a superior quality, shipping them to the mining camps of the interior and making their farming pay in a manner that would surprise the rural people of the south. They did not know that a Juneau butcher was making money at summer pasturing within six miles of the city, and that at every old Russian village to the westward and along Cook's inlet cattle were being raised on the open ranges of the country and that upon two of the islands were a number of wild cattle.

Thus says the Skagway Alaskan, and the SENTINEL rises to second the motion. Southeastern Alaska is not distinctively an agricultural section; but we have seen enough right here within the confines of Wrangell to convince us that enough good, hardy vegetables grown right here to supply this market and to export. But it will take some work to begin with, and therein lies the trouble in these days of easy money-making.

Congress has adjourned, and has Alaska secured anything from the hands of the honorable body? No, not even "soup!" notwithstanding the fact that promises galore were made. This must certainly arouse the people to a realization of the fact that they must move for themselves. The fact is that in many parts of Alaska giant corporations have an octopus grip upon every particle of legislation that would prove remedial to the general public, and only such measures as will further their particular ends can hope to pass. Therefore the only thing that remains is for southeastern Alaska to move solidly for territorial organization. We say SOUTHEASTERN Alaska, because the SENTINEL believes that it would be imprudent, impolitic and absurd for the people of this section to go further. Then let the N. A. T. Co., the A. C. Co. and the other Cos. fight it out in western Alaska and devour each other if they will.

Now then, what are we going to do about it? We have had an incipient blaze, and it should set the whole town to thinking "Where will we get water in case a fire occurs in the business portion of town?" Aside from two or three business houses, where a limited supply can be had, there is no water, and if a fire should occur we would be at the mercy of the flames. The town is fairly well supplied with apparatus, and with water could put up a pretty good fight; but without water—!!

The mill started up last Friday, and from this time forward will go on filling orders already given and those to come in, the same as heretofore. When Captain Willson died, it was feared that this might effect the operation of the mill that has been the main factor in the business of the town. But cool business heads found a happy solution of affairs. Mrs. Willson was appointed administratrix with Mr. T. C. McHugh, co-administrator. A. T. Bennett has been made general superintendent; Fred Willson has his old position as yard manager and J. T. Wellman is still head sawyer, while the main working force of the mill, especially the more important positions will be filled by old and experienced hands, E. H. Lyons being chief engineer and Frank Goodrich head planer. All are glad to see this matter so satisfactorily settled and to know that the mill is to go right on uninterrupted. A first-class book-keeper is to be employed, so that everything will be run on genuine business principles.

Regular meeting of Wrangell Chamber of Commerce next Thursday evening.



If You Are Troubled with Rheumatism, Lumbago or aches and pains of any kind, try a

REX Porous Plaster

The best plaster for the worst pain.

FOR SALE BY

The Wrangell Drug Co.

LOCAL GRIST.

Ground Out Weekly for The Sentinel Readers.

How's your coal pile?

The Wrangell Drug Company's ad. appears in this issue.

Mrs. J. F. Hamilton has been ailing for some days past.

Owing to a lack of water the mill did not run yesterday.

Joe Nielsen left for below yesterday on the City of Seattle.

The new machinery has arrived at the Olympic mines and is running full blast.

Hooker, the Juneau rustler, is here with his samples to talk business with our merchants.

Harry Raymond, of Juneau, a rustling clever commercial traveler, has been in town the past week.

In the absence of the pastor from town next Sunday evening, Prof. Beattie will conduct the services at the Presbyterian Church.

It is James instead of George Wheeler who has leased the hotel. The reporter caught the name on a register and made the error.

Last week Mr. J. F. Collins sold to Robert Reid his half interest in the Collins Hall building, attorney Rodman making the deal. Possession is to be given in sixty days.

The Journal says Ketchikan people are getting ready to make gardens. Pretty wet to plow; eh, Gov? But then it'll be all right for a "side-hill" plow.

The Capella came in Wednesday of last week and remained with us Monday, when she went out in tow of the Tiddies, the machinery of the little boat having gone wrong.

Peter Iverson and Roy Ferguson from the Olympic mines, went to Hoonah by the last boat, for the purpose of taking a rest after several months of hard work.

Petitions are out asking the P. O. department to double the service between Wrangell and Prince of Wales Island points, and to be strictly a steamer service.

Prof. Holt of the Douglas City schools, is quite anxious to arrange a field meet between the schools of southeastern Alaska some time during the coming spring. He has written Prof. Beattie several times regarding the Wrangell school.

Marshal Grant reached home yesterday after an absence to the north of several days. He was at Sitka last Friday and saw Bird, the condemned murderer, launched into eternity, and brought home the rope and belt the doomed man dropped to death with.

Wrangell would have been in hard lines for fuel during the recent cold snap had it not been for the efforts of J. G. Grant. The A. P. A. Co. kindly let Mr. G. have coal from the cannery and he has been bringing it around in small boats and supplying his customers.

Beginning with the last change of the moon we have been having pretty snug weather for Wrangell, mercury being well down toward the zero mark. But today it gives promise of letting up and after this bluster we may look for more settled weather. Last year the coldest weather occurred on the 8th and 9th of March, the thermometer indicating one above zero.

There were two fires Tuesday, but neither one did much damage further than creating an excitement and scare and burning a few shingles off the roofs. One of them was at Adolph Engstroms, up on the hill, and the other was one of the Smith houses, occupied by Theo. Thomason. No general alarm was given for the latter; but on the former the town and department were out in a hurry. And again we breathe easier.

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,
Wrangell, Alaska.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG,
—Dealer In—
Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
Stationery and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patenaude's
Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF
SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.
FRONT STREET, WRANGELL, ALASKA.
L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

The City of Seattle came in from the north at 9 a. m. yesterday, tarried a few moments and proceeded on her way south. She looked as if she had seen some cold weather.

Every particle of moss should be cleaned off the roofs of buildings. When one sees this moss, as dry as powder, with live sparks from the stove-pipes showering down upon it, he can but wonder that Wrangell has escaped as fortunately as she has. And not only should the moss be cleaned off, but every pipe should have a spark-arrester upon it.

The first ball given by Alert Fire Company No. One came off at Collins' Hall last Friday evening and was well attended, although the night was windy and cold. The floor was in fine shape, the music was good and all present enjoyed themselves to the utmost. We have been unable to learn up to the time of going to press, what the receipts were, but they will probably run something over a hundred dollars.

They tell us that the dog poisoner is again abroad in the town. George Card's big fine bird dog, as harmless as a kitten and highly prized by his owner, died Monday morning from a dose of poison. That Wrangell has too many useless curs, all will admit; but don't be so inhuman as to poison them. Make a shooting match and kill off the mangy curs, but spare the useful dogs.

Frank Farrar gave the school bell an unmerciful beating Monday afternoon in regular old fire alarm style, and it had the effect of bringing out everybody with buckets, ladders, fire extinguishers—in fact everything with which to fight fire, except water, and that was pretty handy in the particular locality in which the fire occurred—the government building occupied by Joe Neilson as a residence. The sparks from the stove-pipe had set fire to the dry moss on the roof, but it was quickly extinguished with but little damage. Then everybody drew a long sigh of relief and returned to their places of business, thankful that the town had escaped a conflagration. We want to congratulate the new fire company on getting out in such good shape.

Well, things are moving along in their normal state again in the little town of Wrangell and people breathe easier. Ed Weber saw that George McCulloch was safely handed over to his parents by the Victoria authorities. Then with the aid of Tracer, after hard work he succeeded in running P. C. McCormack down and delivered him over into the hands of his people upon the arrival of the Seattle, Sunday morning. But Weber says he had a hard task on his hand. As soon as the Farallon got away from our wharf McCulloch declared he owned the boat and was going to run it, despite the efforts of his chaplain to keep him quiet. Purser Baker finally talked the young man into quietness and he was all right. But Weber says his trials began when he located Mr. McCormack. That gentleman had been away from home so long and had traveled so far, besides getting married, that to do anything with him was almost an impossibility. But finally, with the assistance of Range brothers, he got him started for home, which they reached all O. K. After his four months' rest, Mr. McCormack is looking the picture of health, and goes back to business with a renewed spirit. Mrs. McC. did not accompany her husband but will follow him later. Of course chaplain Weber is looking better after his rest of night onto three weeks.

Robert Reid lives next door to the SENTINEL office. Tuesday morning the reporter heard the report of a gun at his neighbor's and rushed out expecting that murder most foul had been committed, and there in his own blood and gore lay—a monster rat. His ratship claimed the privilege of daily dividing meals with the ducks and chickens and had paid the penalty with his life. Mr. Reid fixed him out of the window with his little gun.

The full value in weight will be paid by Wm. H. Richardson for the return to him or to this office, two gold nuggets—a small and large one fastened together with links, the large one having a hole in it. Lost about Feby. 12th.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary, \$21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Colonial Co., 384 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Dispatch: "As a most pronounced case of stuck up pride, we notice that Snyder, of the Wrangell SENTINEL, claims to have more than one pair of pants."

It does look a little strange to a man running a paper in anything but a live, progressive town, how such a thing can be possible; and more than that Skimmer's pants just fit us and we claim a half interest in them.

As big and gigantic a concern as the Pacific Packing & Navigation Co. was, that "flourished like a green bay tree" last year, it has passed into the hands of a receiver.

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

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Manufacturers of....

Fine Cigars.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SENATE
Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Always on Hand.

Vegetables, Poultry and Game
In Season.

W. C. WATERS, Pro

Edward Ludecke,
General Repairer of
Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be
Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next door to Sinclair's store,
Wrangell, Alaska.

T. J. CASE,

At his old stand in Wrangell
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Freshest Groceries and Provisions and Supplies.

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I Will not be Undersold.

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Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game,

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A trial and you will testify to its merits on every occasion.

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First Class House in all Particulars.

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Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
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